

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 510.

STANFORD, KY., TUESDAY, APRIL 25, 1882

NEW SERIES—NUMBER 37.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, — Editor and Proprietor.
T. R. WALTON, — Business Manager.

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Sparkling Too Long.

A young man was telling some of his acquaintances how he had gone back on his girl because she was sarcastic, and they asked him to explain what he meant. He said that he was spending the evening with her and he noticed that she seemed to be absent-minded or tired, or something. About 2 o'clock in the morning he said she started up suddenly in alarm and exclaimed: "My, what is that?" He said he didn't hear anything, and asked what it sounded like, and she said she thought maybe it was a milkman coming with the milk. He said that was too sarcastic, and he would never go to see her again. Well, probably he couldn't suit her any better. Some fellows overdo the thing entirely when they go to see a girl, and nothing will break them of the habit of wearing out a girl like some sarcastic remark like that. Sometimes the father of the girl will come to the head of the stairs and ask the girl if the morning paper has come, or if she will tell her visitor to tell the hired girl when he gets ready to go. These things may look to a young man to be sarcastic, but his conduct warrants it. There is no girl who is well, and wants to keep so, that wants to sit up all night with an ordinary young man. She has got to have some sleep or she is not worth the powder to blow her up. She can get all the information that he has to impart in six or seven hours, and every hour he stays after that is dead loss. Some young fellows never know enough to go. They speak of it being time to go at 10 o'clock, and the girl, to be polite says: "Oh, don't hurry away. It is early yet," and the galoot thinks she means it, and he goes into camp for a few hours more, and all the time the girl is on needles. She wishes the house would take fire, or that he would be seized with a cramp, so she would get out. She knows that she will be the laughing stock of the whole family, and wishes he was in Gahens, but he stays as though he was sitting up with a corpse. No girl wants to seem impolite, and no one will wain behind a handkerchief, or hitch uneasily in her chair, and pray for relief, and when the stayer does finally go, she will skip up stairs three at a time and give a sigh of relief. We understand that a petition has been sent to the police signed by about a hundred girls, asking them to arrest any young man found on the way home after 12 o'clock at night, unless he can give an account of himself. A girl ought to have cheek enough to tell a young man, when he has remained long enough, that it is time to retire, and if he does not go, call a servant and have a mattress spread on the parlor floor, and go off and leave the deliberate young man to stay all night if he wants to. This is written at the request of a number of young girls who have become pale and hollow-eyed from being kept up until early hours of the morning by smart Alecks who will know enough to go home after this. —[Milwaukee Sun.]

Some little time ago Miss Frances Power Cobbe, who has so identified herself with the cause of anti vivisection, called on a distinguished man of science in London the other day to endeavor by persuasive speech and viva voce argument to gain him over to her cause. Three points were observable in Miss Cobbe's outward presentation, namely, she had an ostrich feather in her bonnet, a bird of paradise on or near her muff, and she carried an ivory handled umbrella. Consequently the distinguished man of science replied as follows: "Madam, charity begins at home. When you have given up wearing ostrich feathers, which are picked from the living bird, causing the most exquisite pain; and birds of paradise, which, in order to enhance their beauty and luster, are skinned alive; when you have abjured the ivory, because you know that the tusks are cut out of the dying elephant's jaw—then, and then only, come and upbraid me with the cruelty of my operations. The difference between us is, madam, that I inflict pain in the pursuit of knowledge, and for the ultimate benefit of my fellow creatures; you cause cruelty to be inflicted merely for your personal adornment."

A story is told of Gen. Jubal Early that in company with a brother officer he had attended church once where the theme of the preacher was the Judgment Day, when the earth and sea should give up their dead. "What would you do General, if all these people the preacher spoke of should pop up around you?" asked his companion. It was during the closing days of the Confederacy, and, after a moment's silence, Gen. Early, with characteristic profanity, responded: "I would conscript every—mother's son of them."

IRON ORE IN NORTH CAROLINA.—Chattanooga, Tenn., is rejoicing in the discovery, in Mitchell county, N. C., of two veins of magnetite of superior quality, one eighteen feet, the other thirty-four feet wide. The veins were cut while tunneling for a railway on the property of the Cranberry Iron Company. This discovery insures, it is thought, an abundant supply of steel-making ore for the Chattanooga district.

The New Haven Register gives the following excellent directions as to how to tell a good onion: "Hire your best girl to eat one raw, and then call upon her. If the onion is good your stay will be short."

On the order slate on the door of a carpenter shop in this city a passing pedestrian discovered the following: "Cum to—'s Lickie store a Dore to fics." —[Rochester Herald.]

Mr. F. G. Delaney, of Norfolk, Va., writes: "It gives me great pleasure to experience once more that gloriously good feeling of perfect health. I was buried in despair, my back constantly pained me, and from head to foot I felt thoroughly ill. I could not walk across the yard without fatigue. Nothing I ate agreed with me. Doctors could do no good. I tried Brown's Iron Bitters. They have given me perfect health and strength."

The "Overflow Bugs" of California.

The following extract from a note from one of Prof. C. V. Riley's correspondents, communicated by him to Nature, is interesting as showing how ground beetles, which are usually beneficial to man, may at times become a great nuisance. The insect properly called an "overflow bug" in California, is, scientifically, the *Platynus mucadicollis*. We lived, says the correspondent, in Fresno county two years. It is hot and dry there, thermometer ranging from 95° to 108° for about three months. In June and July, when hottest and driest, the "overflow bug" filled the air between sunset and dark. One could not with safety open his mouth. They would light all over one's clothes; they filled the house; they swarmed on the table; in the milk, sugar, flour, bread, and everywhere where there was a crevice to get through. They were flying for about two weeks, and then they disappeared mostly or did not fly much, but were hidden under papers, clothing, and in every available place. They were all through the foot hills the same, and much the same in Los Angeles, about Norfolk, but they did not fly much in the latter place. In Los Angeles they seemed to be worse before the "Santa Anna," a hot wind from the desert filling the air with sand. Chickens, no matter how hungry for insects, refused to eat these pests. The visitation of these insects formed a veritable plague.

Talk At Home.

Endeavor always to talk your best before your children. They hunger perpetually for new ideas. They learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they dream is drudgery to learn from books, and even if they have to be deprived of many educational advantages, they will grow up intelligent if they enjoy childhood the privilege of listening daily to the conversation of intelligent people. We sometimes see parents, who are the life of every company they enter, dull, silent, and uninteresting at home among their children. If they have no mental stores enough for both, let them first use what they have for their own households. A silent home is a dull place for young people, a place from which they will escape if they can. How much useful information, on the other hand, is often given in pleasant conversation; and what unconscious, but excellent training is lively social argument! Cultivate to the utmost the graces of conversation.

WHY HE WOULDN'T HIRE HIMSELF.—A prominent ex Confederate officer, now residing in Washington, started out the other evening to find a man servant. He met a pretty good looking colored man and asked him if he could recommend a good servant. The colored man regretted that he could not. "What are you engaged at?" asked the ex-Confederate. "Why can't I employ you?" "I am not doing anything just now," was the reply; "but I expect to have a seat in Congress in a few days. My name is Lynch, and I am contesting the seat of General Chalmers." —[Washington Star.]

A lunatic at the asylum in Utica, New York, is a United States pensioner, and the largest one in the United States. Since 1866 he has been paid \$8,280, while his arrears amount to almost as much more. By the various acts of Congress he is entitled to receive the same pay as if he had lost both eyes, both arms or both legs, insanity leaving him as helpless as if he were entirely crippled. It does not do him much good as he is unaware of his wealth or distinction.

The new material known as leatherette is being brought into use in numerous mechanical and ornamental applications. It is so perfect an imitation of leather that people are utterly unaware that they are handling something other than leather itself, and its serviceable nature renders the detection still more difficult. For all uses to which it has been applied, the article is said to have proved nearly, if not quite, equal in serviceableness to natural leather.

In Pompeii, recently, a very beautiful fountain was found among the ruins. It is said to surpass in beauty any of the fountains hitherto dug up there. Venus is represented as rising on a shell, with Cupid in her arms. Other spirits of love are seen here and there in the waves, while in the background appears a nereid, or water nymph, near a dolphin, with her arm thrown around the neck of Cupid. In the foreground, on the shore, are two draped women looking at the merry group in the water.

Some of the stuff on sale in St Louis as butter is shown by an official investigation to be made chiefly of lard. The oil is pressed out, and the remainder is colorless, odorless and tasteless. This substance is called "neutral," and to it is added a real butter to give it a flavor.

A physician on presenting his bill to the executor of an estate of a deceased patient, asked, "Do you wish to have my bill sworn?" "No," replied the executor, "the death of the deceased is sufficient evidence that you attended him professionally."

Jesse James had a \$500 coffin. Two preachers officiated at his funeral, and the choir sang, "Oh, What a Friend We Have in Jesus!" And yet some people wonder that Bob Ingersoll is a power in the land. —[Augusta Chronicle.]

Rejected lovers need never despair. There are four-and-twenty hours in a day, and not a moment in the twenty-four in which a woman may not change her mind. —[De Fenod.]

A Check on Repudiation.

In the important opinion of the United States Supreme Court, delivered yesterday in the case of the Southern Bank of New Orleans against the authorities of that city, Mr. Justice Field characterizes the Louisiana "premium bond act" of 1876 as "the most remarkable piece of legislation ever presented to this Court for consideration." By that act the Legislature, with unscrupulous audacity and disregard of the public faith, prohibited the levying of a tax for the payment of the New Orleans consolidated bond of 1852, which had been regularly issued under the authority of the Legislature, and of which there are now about four million dollars outstanding: This legislation, which was upheld by the highest court of Louisiana, is now very properly declared by the Supreme Court at Washington to be repudiation of the most open and flagrant kind. The fact plainly and directly impairs the obligations of the contract made by authority of the State with the holders of the bonds, and thence is set aside as unconstitutional. New Orleans will now have to pay the interest on the bonds, and ultimately the principal. This decision ought to be a wholesome warning to every Legislature which may be disposed to repudiate the just obligations of the State and thereby forcibly rob those who have trusted to its honesty and honor.

ORIENTAL INDIFFERENCE TO LIFE.

—It needs a very long time and much bitter experience to teach the Orientals how lightly an Oriental stakes his life, how quietly he pays forfeit when he loses. Be it a savage foe or a remorseless climate against which he plays, the low caste Hindoo will wager death and torment for a few copper coins. I had a basteen in that war who was invalided from frostbite, and probably lost both his feet, while all the time he was carrying in his knapsack the good English boots and long, warm stockings I had given him. These he meant to sell, putting them on only when sure to see me; but he wanted to secure a great price. And when he tramped barefoot, he slept in cotton cloths, when the thermometer fell below zero, until he sacrificed his limbs, perhaps his life. Playing the same stakes against a human enemy the Hindoo is still more reckless. —[Belgravian.]

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DIGITATED STOCKINGS.—"Digitated stockings," with separate apartment for each toe, are the latest. You can put in a half an hour fitting them on, same as a glove, and the next thing will be to have them button, sixteen buttons, of course, being the height of every girl's ambition. —[Boston Post.]

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A Precious Picklock.

A twelve-year-old black boy, named Coleman, was brought before the United States Commissioner at Baltimore, Md., charged with robbing the private letter boxes in the city postoffice.

The locks on these boxes are of a kind supposed to be proof against picking, and the authorities could not believe the little rascal's admission of guilt. So the marshal of police and the assistant postmaster took the little fellow to the postoffice, where he gave them an exhibition of his skill in opening burglar-proof locks. He had a little strip of wrought iron which he had hammered very thin, and, putting this in the keyhole of a box and giving it a few slight taps with his finger, open flew the box as if by magic. Box after box he opened in the same way.

Among locksmiths of Baltimore the case has excited, it is said, the widest interest, and the discovery that these locks can be picked may lead to an entire change in them. Government experts are already studying the case. The boy Coleman was sent to jail by the commissioner to await the action of the grand jury on his case.

Now would appear to be a good time for some inventor to bring out an unpickable lock suitable for post-office use.

GIFTED FOOLS.—There are wonderful idiots in the world besides "Blind Tom."

In an idiot asylum in London there is one man who can tell the time of day or night without watch or clock. Ask him at any time in the morning, or on waking him from a sound sleep: "Charles, what time is it?"

"Thirteen minutes and a half past four," as the case might be.

Physicians and learned men had made every attempt to explain the possession of this remarkable gift.

Another has built a ship, full rigged throughout, a man-of-war, with every rope and spar perfect. It is six or eight feet long, and he worked on it for six years.

He was a very fine-looking man; yet he is an idiot and his mother was one.

When once you have determined to fatten an animal for beef, let the process be as quick as possible. Any stint in feeding at such times will tend to make the meat tough and dry. Stall-fed animals will fatten more readily than others, and young animals require richer food than older ones. In Winter fattening, do not forget that much depends upon the warmth of the stable. The warmer the cattle are kept the less food will be needed.

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It is feared that the enormous manufacture of wooden toothpicks is utterly destroying the forests of America; but, then, the young man who spends all his salary for good clothes must have something to eat.

A subscriber writes as follows: "I feel at once my appetite and strength greatly improved; my expectation less painful and less copious; my cough less troublesome; my sleep sound, refreshing and dreamless; my nervousness is all gone; my breathing less difficult; my heart's action more regular; my backache less severe; my digestion improved; my urine clear and voided without pain; my spirits more exuberant; my mind perfectly at ease; and yet I have only used half a bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters."

PROFESSIONAL.

JAMES G. GIVENS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
341 5th ST., LOUISVILLE, KY.

Practices in all the Courts. Collections promptly made.

T. W. VARNON, WALLACE E. VARNON,
T. W. & W. E. VARNON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
STANFORD, KY.

Master Commissioners and County Attorney. Will practice in all the Courts of Garrard and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Office in Owlsley & Son's new building-up stairs.

H. C. KAUFFMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LANCASTER, KY.

Master Commissioners and County Attorney. Will practice in the Courts of this and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Office in Owlsley & Son's new building-up stairs.

THOMAS P. HILL, JR.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STANFORD, KY.

Will practice in all the Courts of Casey and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Special attention given to collections. Office over R. T. Pierce's store.

DR. J. G. CARPENTER,
STANFORD, KY.—KENTUCKY

Office over Robt. S. Lytle's store. Office hours from 7 to 9 A. M.; 12 to 1 P. M.; 7 to 9 P. M.

LEE F. HUFFMAN,
SURGEON DENTIST,
STANFORD, KY.

Office—South side Main Street, two doors above the Myers House. Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when required.

R. C. MORGAN, D. D. S.,
DENTIST.

Will be in Stanford two weeks each month from first Monday in May to last Monday in August. His office is located at the Bresciani sign.

At Lancaster two weeks of each month from third Monday in March to last Monday in April. His office is located at the Bresciani sign. Pure nitrous oxide gas administered when necessary.

A Chance for a Bargain.

—I wish to sell my tract of Knob Land—

CONTAINING 100 ACRES!

STANFORD, KY.

With a Full Corps of Teachers,

This Institution opened its Twelfth Session on the 2d Monday in September last.

ALL THE BRANCHES OF A THOROUGH ENGLISH COURSE

Are taught, as well as

MUSIC, THE LANGUAGES, DRAWING AND PAINTING.

TERMS MODERATE.

In Tuition,

STANFORD, KY
Tuesday Morning, — April 25, 1882L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.
Passenger trains North 12 45 P. M.
" " South 2 00 "

LOCAL NOTICES.

NICE line of Bird Cages at A. Owlesy's.
FREIGHT car Barrel Lime just received by
A. Owlesy.NEW STOCK of Jewelry and Silverware at
Penny & McAlister's.

THE celebrated Mayfield Water Elevator for sale by A. Owlesy.

BUY Louisville Head-light Oil, 175 test, from Penny & McAlister.

WATCHES, CLOCKS and Jewelry repaired and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

J. H. & S. H. SHANKS are receiving and opening a lot of men's and boys' clothing.

YOU will find the best 5-cent and 2-for-5 cent cigar in town at Penny & McAlister's.

ALL those indebted to the firm of Sev- erance & Dudderidge and Severance, Dudder- ger & Co., will please call and settle.

THE stock of J. H. & S. H. Shanks is now complete with beautiful styles of Spring Goods. If you don't believe it, just call on them and see.

WE are just receiving and opening a large lot of Zeigler & Bros.' Ladies' and Children's Shoes for Spring and Summer wear. J. H. & S. H. Shanks.

PERSONAL.

—DR. O. H. MCROBERTS, of Liberty, is on a visit to his relatives here.

—MRS. JOHN O. MCALISTER is visiting her mother, Mrs. C. H. Rochester.

—MISS DALE BURNSIDE has returned from a visit to relatives in Lancaster.

—MRS. BOYD, of Lexington, is on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Dr. J. J. Wilson.

—MISS ANN VAN AULDRAKE, a very charming young lady of Harrodsburg, is a guest of Miss Susie Rout.

—It is said that Judge C. E. Kincaid late of the R. R. Commission, will shortly establish a literary paper in Frankfort.

—MR. J. W. BASTIN, who has been attending the Commercial College at Lexington, has graduated and returned home.

—MR. AND MRS. J. S. HUGHES arrived from Cincinnati Saturday, and will go in a few days to Rockcastle Springs, of which Mr. Hughes is part owner.

—JUDGE R. J. BRECKINRIDGE, candidate for Superior Judge, was here a few days ago, looking after his interests. He seems confident that he is the coming man.

—CAPT. GEO. H. MCKINNEY, A. S. MYERS, J. W. MCALISTER and J. S. HOCKER have returned from the Cumberland. They caught quite a number of fish, but the largest was only five pounds.

—MISS JULIA LOVEL returned to her home in Maysville yesterday, much to the regret of everybody. There is a rumor that she has partially consented to make Stanford her future home, which we trust is true.

—MRS. VIRGINIA LACKY, the widow of our lately deceased fellow-citizen, Mr. Samuel E. Lackey, has just been paid by the order of the Knights of Honor \$2,000, amount of policy due upon her husband's death. —[Lexington Republican. Mrs. Lackey is a sister of Mrs. J. J. McRoberts, and is at present her guest.

LOCAL MATTERS.

BRAND new line of straw goods at E. P. Owlesy's.

CANNED goods lower than ever at Hale & Nunnelly's.

LOST—A small Topaz Pin. Return to College and be rewarded.

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND BRICK for sale. Apply to Henry Baughman, Stan-ford.

WILL SEVERANCE has a complete variety of flowers and plants at Mr. Jos. Seven-ance's. Call and get the pick.

MR. J. T. HARRIS has fresh fish for sale twice a week—Wednesday and Saturday, st his meat and provision store.

WE have made another reduction in Canned Goods lower than ever before. Goods all fresh. McAlister & Bright.

LITTLE PERSONAL.—County Attorney W. H. Miller rejoices over the advent of a baby, Linda Hayden. Pappy, many and baby all doing as well as could be expected.

HELEN STIGALL, a negro girl, was tried Friday, for stealing a gold watch chain and two gold rings from John F. Fulliam, and sent on. Her bail was fixed at \$100 which she could not give.

NOTE.—The Instrumental music furnished by Mrs. W. G. Dunlap and Miss Marion Wolford was highly complimented.—Miss Sara Huffinan's sweet mezzo soprano voice took the boy by storm, and an effort was made to have her sing a special selection, but under the circumstances she very wisely declined.—The little boys got off on the wrong note creating some merriment and much discord, but their boys will be boys.

—The beautiful scarf dance of Misses Mamie Olde, Juliet Gill, Kate Mason and Leila Marksby was very skillfully done and elicited much applause.—Billy Bogle and Will Wherrett appeared well in tight, and that Sam Burrisse seemed to be somewhat lost in his. The fact is Sam has been studying hard and is not so fat as he used to be.—The only thing that marred the effect at all was the miserable shifting of the scenes, for which assistant stage manager Jim Dillon is responsible. Old Crow must have been excited.—Miss Stella Marksby is a winning little beauty; in fact one hardly sees in a life time a handsomer set of girls than the score or more that appeared before the footlights on Friday night.—Over 200 reserved seats were sold.—Prof. Crum, in behalf of the Society, asks us to return his heartiest thanks to the people of Stanford for their patronage and respectful attention.—Chewing gum was at a premium, but we only noticed one young lady who forgot to unload before attempting to sing. She had a tough time wrestling with that and the song at the same time, but let that pass.—Mr. J. P. Sandifer writes: Our trip to Louisville was a pleasant one indeed. We were complimented by a large audience of elegant people, and were treated with marked respect throughout the entire entertainment, which I assure you, was duly appreciated by the entire Society.

GRAND opening of Summer Millinery at Mrs. Kate Duddera's next Friday and Saturday, to which all the ladies are specifically invited. Her stock this year is larger and more comprehensive than ever.

WE realize every day now the truth of the little boy's composition on onions. "They is kind of vegetable that makes you sick when other people eat 'em." Please deodorize or keep your distance. We can't bear the vegetable in any shape.

CHAR ORCHARD SPRINGS AGAIN.—Yes- terday afternoon, after having failed to secure a perfect deed to this property, which was sold to them on the 13th of this month, notwithstanding a tender of the whole amount bid was made, and after ineffectual efforts at either a compromise or an arbitration, the syndicate of Lincoln county gentlemen agreed to allow the trustee to take the property back and declare the sale off. The Trustee was willing to do all in his power to secure the deed, but Col. Shelby and wife, who according to law, must unite in that instrument to make it good, refused to hear to any proposition, declaring that the price was too low.

There was no disposition on the part of the syndicate to go to law or to prejudice the Shelly's rights in any way, hence the relinquishments of their own rights in the matter.

FRESH lines of gingham and lawn at E. P. Owlesy's.

THE Lincoln Mills will do custom grinding on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday of each week, until further notice.

JUDGE BROWN has gone to farming, at least he is plowing up the Court Square, with a view, we suppose, to planting it in corn.

TO WOOL GROWERS.—We want to buy 100,000 pounds of wool. It will be to your interest to see us before disposing of your wool. McAlister & Bright, Ag'ts, Stanford Woolen Mills.

THE watch stolen from Eld. A. C. Newland by transients, was left by a negro man at Penny & McAlister's a day or two ago, where it was readily recognized. The negro says he bought it from a white man whom he did not know, paying \$3 for it.

MORTON'S BIG FOUR MINSTRELS, embracing six of the jolliest kind of End men and 10 superior comedians, will appear at Stanford Opera House, Thursday night, 27th. They are highly endorsed by the press of New York, San Francisco, St. Louis, Cincinnati and other large cities, Admission, 50 cents. Reserved seats, 75. at McRoberts & Stagg's.

WE announce in to-day's issue the candidacy of Maj. A. E. Richards, of Louisville, Ky., for the Superior Court Judgeship in this district. Major Richards stands exceptionally high in Louisville, not only as a lawyer of ability and learning, but as a gentleman and man of honor. He would reflect credit upon any position in the gift of the people. There are so many worthy gentleman aspiring for the position that the Democratic party appears to be embarrassed with riches, yet it is a comforting reflection that out of the whole number we can hardly make a mistake in choosing.

CUTTING.—We learn that John Owlesy, a rather forward youth of Lancaster, cut Wm. W. White in the left shoulder Friday night after their return from the Cantare, here, inflicting a very not dangerous wound. It seems that Owlesy drew a pistol on White, which, with a couple of others, was taken from him, and then the two were enclosed in a ring to fight it out. White went for him, but Owlesy drew his knife, with the above result. It is also said that Owlesy exhibited his pistols here on one or two occasions the same night, all of which will be investigated by the next grand jury.

ASSASSINATED.—Samuel F. Bibb, son of Col. R. G. Bibb, of this country, was shot and killed by Mat Foley, of Baltimore, 320 head of fat cattle at 61 cents per pound. The total amount of the cattle, approximate \$25,000.—Midway Clipper.

—The proprietors of Lincoln Mills want to buy 500 or 600 barrels of corn, for which they will pay the highest market price.

—McAlister & Sallee, proprietors of Lincoln Mills, have just bought of Sam Harris, 150 barrels of corn at \$4.50 delivered.

—Sheep-shearing has commenced, and Bage & Jacoby sold 1,200 fleeces to Lexington parties at 25¢ per lb. James Ingles also sold a large lot to same parties, at 25 cents.

—John M. Hail bought of Evan Carson & W. P. Spangler, of Crab Orchard, a ear load of extra lambs for 20¢ per June delivery, at 5 cents. They are to weigh 60 pounds or upwards.

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STANFORD, KY.

Tuesday Morning, - April 25, 1882

Jesse James and the Somerset and Monticello Banks.

The late lamented Colonel Jesse James called upon you once for a cash donation, did he not?" asked a Post reporter of Judge T. T. Alexander, who formerly resided at Columbia, Kentucky.

"Not upon me individually, but upon the bank of Columbia, of which I was president."

"Was it ever known definitely who was in the party at that time?"

"Yes; we learned shortly afterwards the names of all concerned. The gang consisted of Frank and Jesse James, two of the Youngers and Jarrett."

"When did the transaction take place?"

"It was on Monday, April 29, 1872. I was not in Columbia at that time, and therefore did not witness the high-handed act, but I will never forget the affair. After killing Mr. Martin, the cashier, because he would not deliver every thing over to them, they took what they could find and departed. Their tactics were about the same as those made use of on other occasions, that is, some went in the bank while the rest frightened the citizens by firing up and down the street."

"How much did they get?"

"They only got \$1,000, which I reckon, was about the smallest sum of money they ever raided a bank for. You see, they did not come up into that region to rob the Columbia bank. They had selected the bank at Somersett, twenty-five or thirty miles East of Columbia, as their objective point on that raid, but were prevented from making the attack by a very peculiar circumstance. They entered Somersett on the Friday previous to the attack on Columbia, and after reconnoitering the situation were just getting ready to begin operations when the incident referred to occurred, frustrating their design, and causing them to abandon the undertaking."

"One of the party entered the bank to have the customary talk with the cashier; another was posted on the corner close by to observe the movements of citizens, while the other three went after the horses. Two of them mounted, and started in the direction of the bank, and the other followed, leading the horses of the two who were planning for the attack and robbery. The arrival of the first two on horseback was no doubt understood to be the signal for the man on the corner to join his comrade in the bank, when the work was to begin in there; the two mounted men were to keep the citizens from approaching by indiscriminate firing.

The man leading the two riderless horses was to have them ready by the time the work was accomplished, so that the two men in the bank could run out, mount and all retreat out of town together. But fortunately for Mr. Martin and the bank of Columbia, when the financial member of the gang entered he saw something that caused him to alter his plans. Two men, one a stock raiser of that county and the other a mule trader from the South, between whom several transactions in their line of business had taken place, had appointed that day and that bank as the time and place to make a settlement, and when they came to compare accounts they could not agree. Both were hot headed and impetuous, and instead of trying to reconcile their differences they got mad; hot words passed, and they came near having a fatal encounter. The quarrel was raging furiously when the bandit—it was Jesse—entered the bank. Both had their pistols drawn, and the cashier was between them begging them to desist, and preventing them from shooting each other. When Jesse's educated eye saw what was going on he either knew it was no good time to inaugurate a robbery, or thought the gang was being watched, and the row between the traders was only a ruse resorted to in order to throw them off their guard until they could be surrounded.

"He took one glance at the enraged traders, and turning on his heel he walked out the door, signaled to his followers that the jig was up, and when the two horses were led up the two men mounted, and all five of them rode out of town. They went in the direction of Monticello, and stopped for the night at a country store, where a political meeting had been held during the afternoon. The candidates were still there, and the bandit gang represented themselves as stock traders, entered into the discussions that were going on, and had a good time generally. The next day they rode over the hills of that region and spent the night on the Cumberland river, and on Sunday they turned their horses' heads toward Columbia, and stopped for the night at a farm-house a few miles from the town. The next day one of them entered Columbia, purchased a few articles at the stores, examined the location of the bank and, after satisfying himself that all was quiet, he returned to his compatriots and followed them several miles, but they did not come up on them. They found the place, on a creek a few miles from town, where the band halted and divided the spoils. They took from the bank a package of papers belonging to me, and these were found where they stopped. The papers were of no value to the highwaymen, and were left where they divided the money, and I got them back."

"Where did the band go from Columbia?"

"They went to the Salt river hills, in Nelson county, and remained there several weeks before leaving the State."

"Was no effort made to capture them?"

"No. There was no direct evidence that the men in Nelson county were the men who committed the crime, but there was a strong suspicion that it was them, but it was a very dangerous undertaking, and they were not molested. I received several anonymous letters, offering to show me where the band was hiding, and how their arrest could be effected if I would go to a certain place, but I thought then, and I still think, that the letters were written by some of the gang to entrap me, and I therefore paid no attention to them." [Lou Post.]

Helping Editors to Obtain News.

Some supposed friends of a newspaper have peculiar ideas as to what kind of news a paper really requires. Not long since a gentleman came into the Galveston *News* sanctum and said: "Look here! You miss a heap of live items. I'm on the streets all day; I'll come up every once in a while and post you."

"All right, fetch on your items; but remember, we want news."

Next day he came up beaming all over. "I've got a live item for you. You know that infernal bow-legged gorilla of a brother-in-law of mine, who was in business here with me!"

"I believe I remember such a person," said the editor, weakly.

"Well, I've just got news from Nebraska, where he is living, that he is going to run for the Legislature. Now just give him a blast. Lift him out of his boots. Don't spare him on my account."

Next day he came up again. "My little item was crowded out. I brought you some news," and he was in an item about his cat, as follows:

A REMARKABLE ANIMAL.—The mean cat of our worthy and distinguished fellow-townsmen Smith, who keeps the boss grocery store of Ward No. 13 (beer always on tap), yesterday became the mother of five singularly-marked kittens. This is not the first time this unheard-of event has taken place. We understand Mr. Smith is being favorably spoken of as a candidate for Alderman.

The editor groans in his spirit as he lights a cigar with the effort. It is not long before he hears that Smith is going around saying that he made the paper what it is, but it is not independent enough for a place like Galveston.

Many readers will say this sketch is overdrawn; but thousands of editors all over the country will lift up their right hands to testify that they are personally acquainted with the guilty party.

A Warm Invitation.

Jesse B., of Raleigh, N. C., was engaged in the lightning-rod business. He had just put up the necessary rods for a farmer, and was judging from a certain unpleasant sensation in the region of the diaphragm that the hour of dinner was at hand. In other words, he had not tasted food since early that morning, and knew not where his next meal was to come from unless he was invited to dine with farmer B.

At length, after some hesitation, the farmer said: "It's about dinner hour, but the old woman is away from home to day, and I hardly know what to do about it; but if you will take poor luck with me, you are welcome to dinner."

Jesse thanked him, and the two wended their way to the dining room. They found nothing to eat save a dish of roasted potatoes and a pot of mustard.

"With holes in both her socks," by Jove!" cried the delighted exchange editor. You see—"Oh, no!" remonstrated the blushing maiden. "Not that."

"Certainly," protested the exchange editor, warming up. "Nine to one she's got 'em; and you get fidelity to fact with wealth of poetical expression. The worst of poetry generally is, you are like prose. But here we've busted all established notions, and put up an actual existence with the veil of genuine poetry over it. I think that's the best idea we've struck yet."

"I don't seem to look at it as you do, but of course you are the best judge. Pa thought I ought to say:

"As silently she trips along—

"In Autumn's yellow tracks."

"Wouldn't that do?"

"Do! just look at it. Does tracks rhyme to rocks? Not in the Brooklyn Eagle it don't. Besides, when you say "tracks" and "rocks" you give the expression of some fellow who's scratching for safety. "Socks," on the other hand, rhymes with "rocks" and these beautify them, while it touches up the milkmaid, and, by describing her condition, shows her to be a child of the very nature you are showing up."

"I think you're right, said the sweet angel. This is the way the fifth verse:

"As silently she trips along—

"In Autumn's yellow tracks."

"And slips behind the maidens coy—"

"And splits his pantaloons!" Done it myself; know just exactly how it is. Why, bless your heart, heart, heart!"

Snap, snap, snap. Paste, paste paste. But it is with a saddened heart that he snips and pastes among his exchanges now. The beautiful vision that for a moment dawned upon him has left the recollection his heart of one sunbeam in his life, quenched by the shower of tears with which she denounced him as a "brute," and went out from him forever. [Brooklyn Eagle.]

It is easy enough to make some men even long for death. They're so ill-natured that if you just persuade them that the world can't get along without them, and this isn't much of a job, they will want to die out of pure ill-will toward mankind. [Boston Post.]

Don't Do It.—Don't seek the temporary feeling of health and strength resulting from the use of beer and ale or other malt and alcoholic compounds. The after-effects make you feel worse than before. Permanent health is sure to be found in that best of all iron preparations, that friend to temperance and long life known as Brown's Iron Bitters.

The word "dear" is one of the greatest inventions of the English language. Every married man can say "My dear wife," and no one can tell just exactly what he means.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Baltimore, Md.

See that all Bon Bitters are made by Brown's Company.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Dropping into Poetry.

"If you please, sir," said the young lady, timidly, as the exchange editor handed her a chair. "I have composed a few verses, or partly composed them, and I thought you might help me finish them and then print them. Ma says they are real nice, as far as they go, and pa takes the eagle every day."

She was a handsome creature, with beautiful blue eyes, and a crowning glory as yellow as golden rods. There was an expectant look on her face—a hopefulness that appealed to the honest emotions, and the exchange editor made up his mind not to crush the longing of that pure heart if he never struck another lick.

"May I show you the poetry?" continued the ripe, red mouth. "You will see that I couldn't get the last lines of the verses, and if you would like to have an attack on a country editor, and old Mark was doing at his desk when the injured party stalked in and began:

"You are a coward, sir—a coward!"

"Mebbe I am," was the editor's complacent reply.

"And I can lick you, sir—lick you out of your wrinkled old boots!"

"I guess you could," answered Mark as he hustled the wrapper off his only exchange.

"I'm going to write an article calling you a fool, liar, coward, cur, slanderer, and body-snatcher, and go over to Ionia and pay five cents a line to have it published!"

"Hey?" queried the old man as he wheeled around.

"Yes, I'll pay five cents a line to have it published."

"Say, let me tell you something," replied Mark. "I've got 200 more circulation than the *Banner*, and I'll publish your attack on me for two cents a line and take it out in feed or corn stalks! Don't trot over to Ionia when you can build up your own town!"

Mark would have published it word for word, just as it read, and thrown in a cut of a jackass free gratis, but the official cooled off. [Detroit Free Press.]

WHY CALLED "BENEDICT?"—In Shakespear's "Much Ado About Nothing" there is a young lord of Padua named Benedick, who, though he does not love her, marries Beatrice, after a courtship of wit and railery. Since then the name has often been used as a synonym for a newly married man. It is now generally written Benedick, although this is not the orthography of the bard of Avon.

Perhaps that's so," rejoined the fair young lady. "It don't strike me as keeping up the theme."

"You don't want to. You want to break the theme here and there. The reader likes it better. Oh yes! Where shall we keep the theme up it gets monotonous."

"Perhaps that's so," rejoined the beauty, brightening up. "I didn't think of that. Now I'll read the third verse:

"How sadly drops the dying day,
As night springs from the gloom;
And moaning twilight seems to say—"

"The old man's drunk again," "wouldn't do, would it?" asked the exchange editor. "Somebody else wrote that, and we might be accused of plagiarism. We must have this thing original. Suppose we say—now, just suppose we say: "Why did I spout my Ben?"

"Is that new?" inquired the sweet, rosy lips. "At least I never heard it before. I don't know what it means."

"New? Dead it's new. Ben is the name for overcoat, and spout means to hock. Why did I spout my Ben?"

means why did I shove my topper? That's just what twilight would think of first, you know. Oh, don't be afraid—that's just immense."

"Well I'll leave it to you," said the sweet angel, with a smile that pinnioned the exchange editor's heart to his spine. "This is the fourth verse:

"The merry milkmaid's song
Re-echoes from the rocks—

"With holes in both her socks," by Jove!" cried the delighted exchange editor. You see—"Oh, no!" remonstrated the blushing maiden. "Not that."

"Certainly," protested the exchange editor, warming up. "Nine to one she's got 'em; and you get fidelity to fact with wealth of poetical expression. The worst of poetry generally is, you are like prose. But here we've busted all established notions, and put up an actual existence with the veil of genuine poetry over it. I think that's the best idea we've struck yet."

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"And slips behind the maidens coy—"

"And splits his pantaloons!" Done it myself; know just exactly how it is. Why, bless your heart, heart, heart!"

Snap, snap, snap. Paste, paste paste. But it is with a saddened heart that he snips and pastes among his exchanges now. The beautiful vision that for a moment dawned upon him has left the recollection his heart of one sunbeam in his life, quenched by the shower of tears with which she denounced him as a "brute," and went out from him forever. [Brooklyn Eagle.]

I think you're right, said the sweet angel. This is the way the fifth verse:

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